



"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STATS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1803.

FOR THE HIVE.

TO MR. TOM CARELESS.

TO a perfect definition the essential difference, as well as the general nature or genius, is necessary. In Plato's definition of man, which is completely logical, animal is the genus, and reason the specific difference, or that in which man differs from all animate creatures. But your definition of a blood or beau, is imperfect and not according to the rules of logic. "A TWO LEGGED ANIMAL WITHOUT REASON!" Why, sir, by this definition, if a definition it can be termed, we are confounded with peacocks, turkeys, and even ganders. As you appear to be a man of learning, pray sir, favor us with a new definition, and raise us from our present state of degradation. Learning, you know, has never been a "THING OF OUR SORT" and we are not very eminent, for good understandings, yet, before your impertinent definition appeared, we were courted and caressed by ladies, who have since driven us from their society as irrational animals, and have even threatened the *bloods or beaux* to have us confined in hen-coops, farm-yards, &c.

B. Z.

FOR THE HIVE.

TO MISS IN HER 'TEENS.

I am one of those "things called a bachelor" of whom you have promulgated so disgusting a picture in the last Hive. I grant there may be some whom your description would suit, but I can by no means allow it to comprehend the whole class. I am extremely anxious to vindicate the honor of the whole fraternity and intend for this purpose to give you some account of myself which you will find to be the very reverse of the heterogenous creature, to whose description you have given publicity. A description of my person and exterior attractions, I must omit, as it would perhaps only tend to raise prejudices against me. Suffice it to say, I am neither a paragon of beauty, nor a monster of deformity. But my deficiency in personal charms, is fully

counterbalanced by an exuberance of those amiable affections and refined sensibilities, with a want of which you charge us, and which you seem to hold in high estimation. I am feelingly alive to the impressions of beauty, and daily acknowledge its influence in that rapturous strain, which an imagination animated by the most exalted passion of the human breast always suggests. When I retire to rest, or "lie down" as you vulgarly call it, fancy commences her antic reign, and my repose is disturbed by dreams alternately gay and gloomy, or agreeable and disagreeable. The most frightful visions sometimes disturb my slumbers, and often have I fancied myself expiring at the feet of some fair inexorable tyrant, who would neither listen to my prayers nor vows; and when I awoke, with a face covered with the cold clammy sweat of distresses, I exulted to find myself not the victim of a tyrant more cruel, more inexorable than LOVE. But my sleeping fancies are not all of this cast. I frequently enter the temple of Hymen, and, in the arms of some fair divinity, am transported to the very summit of happiness; and, in the tranquil scenes of domestic enjoyment, realize all that fabling poets have sung of connubial felicity. Ah! how poignant is my disappointment, how great my regret, when I awake from these cheering phantasms to the sad reality of my situation, and find myself still a solitary bachelor.

Thus are my thoughts continually, whether sleeping or waking, on the fair. I am naturally complacent; and as to running away, when I see a lady approaching to whom "the compliment of my hat" is due, it is contrary to my nature and never enters my mind. No Miss; I would walk a mile to have an opportunity of bowing and scraping, which I can do with an elegance that would both delight and surprise you. I hope you will now acknowledge you were ignorant of the real character of a bachelor, and that he is a being not altogether unamiable. But I really have a desire to quit a state on which there is so much odium thrown; and as soon as I can find a suitable companion, my exertions shall be limited to the promotion of female happiness.

If you or any of your fair companions are disposed to let the world have one bachelor less to rail at, a hint through the medium of *The Hive*, will lead to an acquaintance, which may be productive of mutual satisfaction. In the mean time, please to observe, that when not under the influence of the spleen, vapors, or any of those disorders which solitude engenders, I can make very flattering speeches about female charms, &c.

Yours,

With profound veneration, &c.

BILLY BUXOM.

THE NEIGHBOR.

"He promoteth in his neighborhood peace and good will and his name is repeated with praise and benedictions."

Next to peace and satisfaction in our own breasts, is peace and satisfaction in our families; and next to this, is the comfort of a peaceable and obliging neighborhood. The pleasing exercise of the social affections is pleasure indeed. But solitude is preferable to the society of those who are unbenevolent and unfriendly. Solitude indeed is not agreeable to man and not promotive of happiness; but society, when made up of the selfish, the envious the implacable, and malicious, is productive of real misery. We pity the indigent family that removes into the wilderness to seek a scanty, precarious subsistence far from sympathizing friends and helping neighbours. But, is not that poor and honest family in as deplorable a situation, which though he lives in a thick neighborhood, meets notwithstanding with insults, injuries, and abuses, instead of friendly assistance, and kind condolences?

Mankind are mutually dependant on each other. No one is sufficient of himself to build up his own interest or happiness, unaided and unsupported by his fellow creatures. Any individual left wholly to himself, unconnected with others, must be considered as a *forlorn individual*. There is no family much less single person, however well provided, but at some time or other,

and perhaps very often, stands in need of the aid, the advice, the sympathy, or the presence and conversation of others. All are liable to sickness, pain, misfortunes and bereavement. None therefore should be unwilling to impart their neighborly assistance whenever it is wanted. Nothing contributes more to help us up the hills of difficulty, over the rugged roads of disappointment and perplexity, and through the sloughs of discouragement—to lighten the loads that we sometimes stagger under and to carry us the more easy along the journey of life, than the kind attention, the soothing words, and the ready assistance of our friends and neighbors. And scarce any seeds of evil are more prolific of those bitter fruits which poison the enjoyments of life, or which actually kill them, or prevent their growth, than bad neighbors. Let a man be prosperous in his worldly affairs, and surrounded with an agreeable family, yet if those among whom he lives are envious and ill natured, and instead of befriending, are disposed to vex and injure him, his happiness must be greatly diminished.

The duties and comforts of good neighborhood consist in the suppression of the selfish, the irascible, and the malevolent passions, and in the cultivation and exercise of those that are generous and friendly. He that is attentive only to his own concerns and interest, and cares not what becomes of others; he that is easily provoked and ready to resent; he that is envious at the prosperity of others, or wishes their hurt, or is glad at their calamity, cannot be a good neighbor. He only is deserving the character, who is kind and obliging; who is willing to do a good turn, as well as to receive one; willing to lend as to borrow; who is tender of the character and interests of those among whom he lives; who being a fallible creature himself is disposed to make all reasonable allowances for the failings of others; in short, who is observant of the golden rule, *to do to others whatsoever he would have others do to him.*

An extraordinary Story.

IN the country, last year, says Madame de Montier, was in company with a good friar, eighty years of age, from whom I had the following story:—

About forty years ago he was sent for to a highwayman, to prepare him for death. They shut him up in a small chapel, with the malefactor, and while he was making every effort to excite him to repentance, he perceived the man was absorbed in thought, and hardly attended to his discourse. My dear friend, said he, do you reflect that in a few hours you must appear before your Almighty judge? what can divert your attention from an affair of such importance?—

True, father, returned the malefactor, but I cannot divest myself of an idea, that you have it in your power to save my life—How can I possibly effect that, rejoined the friar; and even supposing I could, should I venture to do it, and thereby give you an opportunity of accumulating your crime? If that be all that prevents you, replied the malefactor, you may rely on my word—I have beheld the rack too near, to again expose myself to its torments. The friar acted as I and you should have done in a similar situation, he yielded to the impulse of compassion, and it only remained to contrive the means of escape. The chapel where they were, was lighted by one small window near the top, fifteen feet from the ground. You have only, said the criminal, to set your chair on the altar, which we can remove to the foot of the wall, and if you will get upon it, I can reach the top by the help of your shoulders. The friar consented to this manœuvre, and having replaced the altar, which was portable, he seated himself quietly in his chair. About three hours after, the executioner, who began to grow impatient, knocked at the door, and asked the friar what had become of the criminal. He must have been an angel, replied he, for by the faith of a priest, he went out through that window. The executioner, who found himself a loser by this account, inquired if he was laughing at him, and ran to inform the judges. They repaired to the chapel where our good man was sitting, who pointing to the window, assured them, upon his conscience, that the malefactor flew out at it; and that, supposing him an angel, he was going to recommend himself to his protection; that moreover if he was a criminal, which he could not suspect, after what he had seen, he was not obliged to be his guardian. The magistrates could not preserve their gravity at this good man's *sang froid*, and after wishing a pleasant journey to the culprit, went away. Twenty years after, this friar travelling over the Ardennes, lost his way, just as the day was closing: a kind of peasant accosted him, and, after examining very attentively, asked him whither he was going? and told him the road he was travelling was a very dangerous one; if you will follow me, he added, I will conduct you to a farm at no great distance, where you may pass the night in safety. The friar was much embarrassed; the curiosity visible in the man's countenance excited his suspicions; but considering that if he had a bad design towards him, it was impossible to escape, he followed him with trembling steps. His fear was not of long duration, he perceived the farm which the peasant had mentioned, and as they entered, the man, who was the proprietor of it, told his wife to kill a capon, with some of the finest chickens in the poultry-yard, and to welcome his guest with

the best cheer. While supper was preparing, the countryman re-entered, followed by eight children, whom he thus addressed: My children, pour forth your grateful thanks to this good friar; had it not been for him, you would not have been here, nor I either; he saved my life. The friar instantly recollected the features of the speaker, and recognized the thief, whose escape he had favoured. The whole family loaded him with caresses and kindness; and when he was alone with the man, he enquired how he came so well provided for. I kept my word with you, said the thief, and resolved to lead a good life in future. I begged my way hither, which is my native country, and engaged in the service of the master of this farm; gaining his favour by my fidelity and attachment to his interest, he gave me his only daughter in marriage. God has blessed my endeavours; I have amassed a little wealth, and I beg you will dispose of me and all that belongs to me; I shall now die content, since I have seen and been able to testify my gratitude towards my deliverer. The friar told him he was well repaid for the service he had rendered him, by the use to which he had devoted his life he had preserved. He would not accept of any thing as a recompense, but could not refuse to stay some days with the countryman, who treated him like a prince. This good man then obliged him to make use at least of one of his horses to finish his journey, and never quitted him until he had traversed the dangerous roads that abound in those parts.

THE SEDUCED DAUGHTER— A FRAGMENT.

***** “I HAVE lost my lamb,” exclaimed the farmer, as he sat weeping on the stone.

—“And was it all thou hadst?”

“Alas!” answered he, “my flocks whiten the distant hills—but I shall no more lead them to the uplands in winter, nor drive them to the vale in summer. They will see their master no more. Another's voice must call them to their pastures, and other hands must make their fold in the evening—for I have lost my lamb and my strength fails me.”

“Gentle stranger, if I breath my last in your presence suffer not my flesh to feed the ravens; but let the turf cover me—and may heaven in its mercy, shield the heart of my devoted child from knowing that her misfortune and disgrace has broken the heart of her father.”

“It is then a daughter that thou hast lost; it is a darling, child, whom thou seekest, alas!”

“Alas indeed!” said the farmer, “the flower of the valley was not half so fair; nor the honey suckle so sweet—nor the dove more innocent than Matilda—nor”

continued he, elevating his voice, "the wolf more savage than the monster who carried her from me. But he is rich—these plains call him master—and I have nought but curses to help me.—My son died as he was fighting for his country, or the spoiler of innocence should have felt the vigour of his arm. He should have revenged a sister's wrongs; but I am weak, and can only call on heaven to revenge. To its eternal justice I resign my cause; and if they should be my last words—" And they were indeed, for his venerable form sunk down upon the stone—and I called the villagers to bear the corpse to the cottage.***

True sense of honour exemplified in an affecting anecdote of Marshal Turenne.

"It is well known of Marshal Turenne, that his true heroism, (for such it really was) was only to be equalled by his solid and manly piety, equally remote upon the one hand from the superstitions of his own age, and upon the other from the indifference of ours. In a court of gallantry, and in times when the point of honour, (falsely so called) was preserved in its full extravagance, the Marshal was never known either to fight a duel, or engaged in an intrigue. The grace, the dignity with which he once released himself from an embarrassment of this nature, will at once give an exact idea of what he was, & be a sufficient answer to the favourite question of the defenders of duelling—"how is a challenge to be refused?"—How is a challenge to be refused!—let this anecdote of the Marshal answer them.—"A young officer of noble family, and in despite of what may be thought from the part of his conduct which follows, of real worth, imagined himself to have received an insult from the Marshal, and demanded satisfaction in the usual forms. The Marshal made no reply to his challenge; the officer repeated it several times, but the Marshal still maintained the same silence. Irritated at this apparent contempt, the officer resolved to compel him to the acceptance of his invitation; for this purpose, he watched him upon his walks, and at length meeting him in the public street, accompanied by two other general officers, he hurried towards him, and to the astonishment and even terror of all who saw him, spit in the Marshal's face. Let us endeavour to form some conception of the grossness of this insult—the object of it was the great Turenne—a Marshal of France, and one of the greatest generals which Europe had produced. The companions of the Marshal started back in amazement; the Marshal, his countenance glowing from a sense of the indignity, seized the hilt of his sword, and already half unsheathed it, when, to the astonishment of the spectators he suddenly returned it into the scabbard, and tak-

ing his handkerchief from his pocket 'Young man,' said he, 'could I wipe your blood from my conscience with as much ease as I can your spittle from my face, I would take your life on the spot. Go sir.'

"Saying this, the Marshal retired in all the majesty of triumphant virtue. The young officer was so much struck as well with his manner as with his virtue, that he did not cease until he obtained pardon of the Marshal. Turenne afterwards became his patron, and under such a preceptor he became almost the rival of his fame."

COMPARISON.

THE mind is a garden where all manner of seeds are sown. Prosperities, are fine painted tulips; innocency, white lilies; the virtues, sweet gilliflowers, violets and primroses; learning, savory herbs; affliction, rue, wormwood, and rheubarb; pride, ambition, exhortation, nighace and helseboce; stupidity, poppy; sloth and ignorance, briars and thistles.

We cannot be quiet, or act, or rest, with dignity or grace, but in our own sphere.

A woman was walking, and a man looked at her, and followed her. The woman said, "why do you follow me?" He answered, "because I have fallen in love with you."—The woman said, "why are you in love with me? my sister is much handsomer—she is coming after me—go and make love to her." The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face; being greatly displeased, he went away to the first woman, and said, "Why do you tell a story?" The woman answered, "Neither did you speak the truth: for, if you are in love with me, why did you go after another woman?" The man was confounded.

A fellow well known in the district, lame, having also but one arm, and dressed in the habit of a sailor, was the other day with much vociferation begging near Tower-hill. A tar who had just came out of a house where he had probably paid his reckoning and received returns for a note, was as he walked, counting his money with more attention than is usual to persons of his description. While he was thus busily engaged, the beggar set him, and thrusting his hat before him exclaimed, "bless your noble heart my worthy messmate, spare a few pence for poor Jack, stumped in the star-board arm, his knee-braces shot away, and turned out of the service without a smart ticket."

The sailor still intent upon his calculations, which indeed seemed to require the utmost stretch of his arithmetical abilities, threw a shilling into his hat and was walking away. The lame fellow flushed with success,

limped after him, bawling out, "bless you my noble master! have you no more *small change* for poor Jack? My *bread room's* quite empty indeed!"

"Avast brother, avast!" said the sailor, as the beggar was pressing upon him, "Dont veer so much *jaw-ropie*, but sheer off while you are well. If I had given you the *ship* and *cargo*, you'd still have begged for the *long-boat*."

Winchester, the preacher, when a boy, was remarkable for a very slovenly appearance. Being one day in the market, he was told, (by a gentleman who inquired the price of *green corn*) that he looked rather as if brought up amongst hogs than corn. "Pray sir," inquired young Winchester, "what were you brought up amongst?"—"Wheat," was the reply. "Very likely," retorted Winchester, "for we read *the tares and the wheat grow together*."

IN OBITUM

MARIÆ ROSS,

Filiæ J.A. Ross Imperatoris municipio Lancastriensi, quæ, die 18th Julii, 1803, obiit.

THRENUS

VIRGINUM sociarum

MARIÆ ROSS,

Exiit ergo Maria et amanda ac cara Marial.
Exiit æthereas incolitura domos.

Exiit heu! dulcis nobis nunquam reditura;
Obvia nunquam oculis cara comes fuerit!

Mortua namque Maria est mortua, pulchra
Maria,

Pompæ olim nostræ quæ decus eximium.
Numinis haud Tecum sacratas ibimus aras:
Non manibus structas incolis alta domos.
O quoties, et quanta locuta est nostra Maria!
Dulce faceta ferens, dignaque mente pia.
Nos, Tibi fuværeos, igitur, faciemus honores;
Nos lachrymas ferimus munera; nos gemimus.

Audiet et respondebit refofabilis Echo,
Audiet et flentes nos tacitumque nemus.
Interea lachrymare vix, collesque videntur
Cara Maria perit! Nostra Maria perit!
Voce suprema ter cita, nunc condimus urna
Reliquias Hujus: Cara Maria vale!
Fama diu terris durabunt nomina, virtus
Insignis tua, laus, egregiumque decus.

Lancastria Idibus Aug. 1803.

A poetical translation is requested.

To Correspondents.

"The Philanthropist," is received and shall have a place in our next.